A

POEM

Dedicated to the

BLESSED MEMORY

OF HER LATE

GRACIOUS MAJESTY

Queen Mary.

By Mr. *Stepney.*

LONDON:

Printed for *Jacob Tonson*, at the *Judge's Head*, near the *Inner-Temple Gate* in *Fleetstreet*. 1695.

A

POEM

Dedicated to the

BLESSED MEMORY

OF

GRACIOUS MAJESTY

Queen Mary.

A

POEM

Dedicated to the

BLESSED MEMORY

OF HER LATE

GRACIOUS MAJESTY

Queen Mary.

ONCE more, my Muſe,—we muſt an Altar raiſe,—
May it prove Laſting, as *Maria*'s Praiſe;
And, the Song ended, be the Swan's thy Doom,
Reſt ever ſilent, as *Maria*'s Tomb.

But whence ſhall we begin? Or whither ſteere?
Her Vertues like a perfect Round appeare,
Where Judgment lyes in Admiration loſt,
Not knowing which it ſhould diſtinguiſh moſt.

Some Angel, from your own, deſcribe Her Frame,
(For ſure your Godlike Beings are the ſame:)
All that was Charming in the Fairer Kind,
With Manly Senſe, and Reſolution joyn'd,
A Mien compos'd of Mildneſs and of State,
Not by Conſtraint, or Affectation Great;
But form'd by Nature for Supream Command;
Like *Eve* juſt moulded by the Maker's Hand.
Yet ſuch her Meekneſs, as half-vail'd the Throne,
Leaſt being in too great a Luſtre ſhown,
It might debar the Subject of acceſs,
And make her Mercies, and our Comforts leſs.
So Gods, of old, deſcending from their Sphere
To viſit Men, like Mortals did appear;

Leaſt their too Awful Preſence ſhould affright
Thoſe whom they meant to bleſs, and to delight.

Thus to the Noon of her high Glory run,
From her bright Orb, diffuſive like the Sun,
She did Her healing Influence diſplay,
And cheriſht all our Nether World that lay
Within the Circle of Her radiant Day:
Reliev'd not only thoſe who Bounty ſought,
But gave unask'd, and as She gave, forgot;
Found modeſt Want in its obſcure Retreat,
And courted timorous Vertue to be Great.
The Church, which *William* ſav'd, was *Mary*'s Care,
Taught by Her Life, and guarded by Her Prayer;
What Her Devotions were, you Cherubs, tell,
Who ever round the Seat of Mercy dwell;
(For here She wou'd not have Her Goodneſs known)
But you beheld how ſhe addreſs'd the Throne,
And wonder'd at a Zeal ſo like your own.

Since She was *Form'd*, and *Lov'd*, and *Pray'd* like you,
She ſhou'd, alas! have been *Immortal* too:

A Reign ſo gentle, and a Mind ſo ſtrong,
Both made us hope we ſhou'd obey Her long,
And, with a double Reverence, have ſeen
The hoary Bleſſing of an Aged Queen;
Who might, with *William*, jointly govern here,
As that bright Pair which rules the heav'nly Sphere.

Grace and mild Mercy beſt in Her were ſhown,
In him the rougher Vertues of the Throne;
Of Juſtice *She* at home the *Ballance* held,
Abroad, Oppreſſion by *His Sword* was quell'd;
True Emblems of the *Lyon*, and the *Dove*;
The God of Battel, and the Queen of Love
Did in Their happy Nuptials well agree;
Like *Mars*, He led our Armies out, and She
With Smiles preſided o're Her Native Sea!

Such

Such too their Meetings, when our Monarch came
With Laurels loaden and immortal Fame;
As when the God on *Hæmus* quits his Arms,
Softning his Toyls in *Cytherea*'s Charms:
With what Delight wou'd ſhe the Victor meet?
And lay the Reins of Empire at his Feet?
With the ſame Temper as the *Latian Hind*
Was made Dictator, conquer'd, and reſign'd;
So *Pallas* from the duſty Field withdrew
And when Imperial *Jove* appear'd in view,
Reſum'd Her Female Arts the Spindle and the Clew:
Forgot the Scepter She ſo well had ſway'd,
And with that Mildneſs, She had Rul'd, Obey'd;
Pleas'd with the Change, and unconcern'd as *Jove*
When in Diſguiſe he leaves his Pow'r above,
And drowns all other Attributes in Love:---
Such, mighty Sir, (if yet the ſacred Ear
Of Majeſty and Grief vouchſafe to hear)

* *Lucius Quintius.*

Was

Was the lov'd Conſort of thy Crown and Bed,
Our Joy while living; our Deſpair now Dead.

Yet why Deſpair? Tho' one Supporter Fall,
The Stronger holds, and will ſuſtain the Ball.
Of *Sybill*'s Books, that Volume which remain'd
Th' intrinſick value of the whole retain'd.
When in the fiery Car *Elijah* fled,
His Spirit doubled on his Partner's Head:
So will thy Peoples Love, now *Mary*'s gone,
Unite both Streams and flow on Thee alone.
The grateful Senate with one Voice combine
To breath their Sorrows, and to comfort Thine,
By bringing to Thy View how *Europe*'s Fate
Does on Thy Councills, and Thy Courage wait:
But when the vaſtneſs of Thy Grief they ſee,
They own 'tis juſt, and melt in Tears with Thee.

Bluſh not, great Soul, thus to reveal Thy Woe;
Sighs will have vent, and Eyes too full o're-flow;

Shed

Shed by degrees they paſs unfelt away;
But raiſe a Storm and Deluge where they ſtay.

The braveſt Heroes have the ſofteſt Mind,
Their Natures like the Gods, to Love inclin'd,
Homer, who Humane Paſſions nicely knew,
When his Illuſtrious *Grecian* Cheif he drew,
Left likewiſe in his *Soul* one mortal Part,
Whence Love and Anguiſh too might reach his Heart;
For a loſt Miſtreſs, in Deſpair he ſate,
And let declining *Troy* ſtill ſtruggle vvith her Fate:
But when he found his dear *Patroclus* dead,
Like a rous'd Lion, from his Tent he fled,
Whole Hecatombs of trembling *Trojans* ſlew,
And mangled *Hector* at his Chariot drew.

Still greater is Thy loſs,---Be ſuch thy Rage,
That naught but conquer'd *Gallia* may aſſwage.

She vvho below preſerv'd Thee with Her Prayer,
Above vvill prove thy Guardian Angel there;

And hov'ring round Thee with Her Heav'nly ſhield,
Unſeen protect Theein the dusky Field.
Glut then Thy Vengeance on Thy deſtin'd Foe,
And while above *She* Triumphs, Fight below.---

'Tis done---Our Monarch to the Camp returns,---
The *Gallick* Armies fly----Their Navy burns,
And Earth and *Seas* all bow to his Command,
And *Europe* owns her Peace from His victorious Hand.

F I N I S.